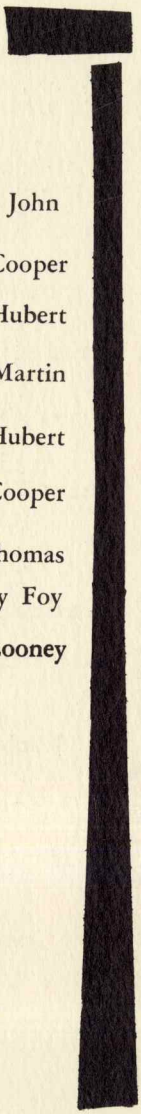
Dup.

the tower

Montevallo, Alabama

Alabama College



TOWER — SPRING — 1963

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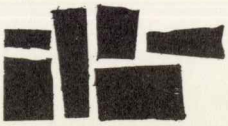


A LOVE NOT QUITE UNLOVED

The day was cold and gray. The day was Saturday. Another week had passed for Miss Margaret Wolff, a week that had been as sterile as the surgeon's scapel, as systemized as his patient's inner organs and as cold as the gray afternoon stretching before her. But cold as the afternoon may be and as sterile as the week may have been, it was all forgotten now. This afternoon was Miss Wolff's and she had looked forward to it for a long while. There had been many such afternoons as this one. They had all started eleven years ago and had become such a part of her life that she wouldn't think of spending a Saturday without this quiet time. She sat in a spindly rocking chair, in front of a large, spotless window, in the living room of her four-room house. She had lived in this house, alone, for over ten years and it, along with its occupant, had become a legend in the small New England town of Rockford.

Parents and children alike knew Miss Wolff and parents and children alike respected Miss Wolff, but neither considered her to be human, neither would consider sharing an amusing anecdote with her and neither would consider inviting her to join the "society" of the town. She had been good for the library, they would admit, but she was just too straight-laced for her own good. She had come to town a little over ten years ago, secured her job and bought her house on the same day. The next Monday, bright and early, she was there in the library and since then she had never left Rockford in all the time she had been there. She spent each summer in her home, never coming out except for church and never being seen except for church. Yet there was none of the atmosphere of the supernatural about Miss Wolff. Nobody was afraid of her, in fact very few thought of her. Miss Wolff was isolated from the town and the town was isolated from Miss Wolff. Both seemed to prefer it that way.

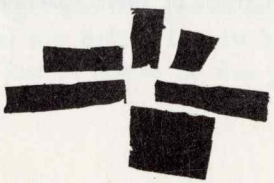
The isolation had not been forced, it had just seemed to be a natural course of events. It would always be that way until the day Miss Wolff died. But this did not concern Miss Wolff; in fact, it never had concerned her. She had her job and her home. She had a perfectly organized life and she knew where she was going every minute of the day. She was busy and she was satisfied. She had planned out her life the night she moved into her new, furnished house in Rockford and she never deviated from her schedule. Miss Wolff enjoyed this scheduled life: it gave her a security she had never known in all 47 years of her life. It had a cold assurance and Miss Wolff wrapped herself in it like other women wrap themselves in mink or in the arms of a man. She was not happy and she knew it. She had never pretended to be happy. Happiness was for people who believed in it and Miss Wolff happened not to believe in it.

Once, a long time ago, Miss Wolff could have believed in happiness but some mysterious force always seemed to destroy it. Each time she came within its grasp something stepped in to take it away. It would have been very painful for Miss Wolff had she realized what was happening, but she didn't. After each disappointment or crisis she thought out her problem and then went on. It wasn't the noble idea of going ahead in spite of difficulties, for Miss Wolff never felt the pain associated with difficulties. She went on; for there was nothing else for her to do.

In her younger days her life had been different from what it was now. There had been no certainty in her life, no security, and certainly no scheduling. She had come from a loveless home, from a seldom-working, always drinking father and from a crass, irritable mother. She took to the road, dressed as a boy, yet not fooling anyone with her disguise, when she was in her early teens. After many days of hitch-hiking, she managed to make it to New York. There she found a job as a dish-washer in a small, dimly lit bar. Hers was not a difficult job for all she had to do was wash the sandwich plates and mixing bowls that constituted the equipment in the bar's sandwich-kitchen. The pay was not much but she soon learned to increase it after a few nights of mingling with the customers outside of her sandwich-kitchen. She began having night-time guests in her apartment. They were very generous and she liked the way her money was growing.

After a while, when she had gathered a rather sizable nest-egg, she decided to move. She found an apartment in a somewhat well-to-do, middle-class neighborhood and settled down to find a new job. She found one in the branch library near-by. The work was not hard, for all she was required to do was replace the books, dust them, and repair them. It had taken no time at all to learn the technicalities of her job and soon she was working at the main desk. This methodical, precise work suited her and she felt very satisfied with herself. The quiet satisfied her, the rows upon endless rows of books satisfied her and the ever-efficient card-catalog satisfied her.

In the midst of all this her life took a strange twist. She was approached for a dinner date. This man, or rather boy, had noticed her the first day he entered the library and had wanted to meet her for a long, long while. At his mentioning of this fact Miss Wolff remembered seeing the boy around frequently, especially where she had been working, but at the time she had quickly put it out of her mind as insignificant. He was such a young looking thing, though she imagined him to be older than she was, that at first she hesistated in giving him an answer. The temptation of a free dinner was too great though and in the end she wound up giving him her address.



That first evening with him was a strange one. He took her to a small, but clean, restaurant filled with cheap knick-knacks that were supposed to give the place a French atmosphere. They had a quiet dinner during which he did most of the talking. He talked about himself, his job, his ambitions, his boyhood and a number of things that did not interest Miss Wolff but which held her attention in a strange sort of way. He asked her about herself but the only thing she could find to tell him was her first name. He liked it and proceeded to call her Maggie, the rest of the evening. This was something she had never imagined herself to be called, and more than anything else, it added a note of strangeness to the evening that Miss Wolff could never quite get out of her memory.

After dinner, they went walking. He continued talking but this time it was about his likes in art, literature and music. He became almost ecstatic in his description of music and poetry. He talked about getting lumps in his throat and getting a lonely feeling deep in the pit of his stomach when he heard good music or read a particular poem. Miss Wolff couldn't understand his getting all excited over such things. His calling her Maggie, and now this weird talk gave the whole evening an aura of strangeness that seemed to envelope Miss Wolff. She was attracted and repelled, simultaneously, by this young man.

In the next few weeks he took her to more and more dinners. It was quite evident that he was smitten with her and as weeks went by she surprised herself more and more by the strangeness in her actions. She found herself wondering about him during the day as she worked, but still there was no interest in her for him. Her wonderings were more academic than anything. It was as though she were dissecting his nature to find out its function. It was almost like a game to her and this grew to be the interesting thing about it all. After a few more dates he asked her to marry him. This was something she had never thought of before; in fact, she hardly knew what it meant. But she decided to stay with him. She was attracted by his strangeness. She didn't know what it was; it just made her feel good somehow.

As the wedding day drew near, he became very excited. She couldn't understand this but it gave her a funny kind of pleasure to watch him. He picked out her dress and made all the arrangements for the wedding. Even though the wedding would be very small he insisted she have a new dress. He found a new apartment for them and became quite excited over the prospect of moving in and re-decorating it to suit their tastes. Finally the day that he had chosen for the wedding arrived. He went to her apartment for the last time to pick her up and they went off to be married.

They lived together for a little over a year until the day he died. He was killed, crossing the street in front of their apartment while on an errand for her.

It was a terrible time for her after that. Women she had never known came from all over the apartment building to offer their condolences. Salesmen came to her door selling funerals, grave-markers, coffins and burial plots. Everyone she met treated her with an effusion of kindness that began to suffocate her. She wanted to scream. She couldn't understand why all these people should be concerned. All she wanted was for them to leave her alone. Now that he was dead she must figure out where she was going to get a job and whether or not she wanted to stay here. She liked the apartment well enough but if these people were going to surround her with their suffocating comfort she would have to move to preserve her sanity. She settled the business about his coffin, grave and marker with the next salesman that came to the door. He kept interrupting her with sample pictures of coffins and such until she thought she would have to ask him to leave. As it was however, she settled with him in 30 minutes and he left very much satisfied and very much to her satisfaction.

She felt much better now that that was over and settled down to think about herself. She decided to move to a small town, she had had enough of the general public, and find a library position there. With the experience she had gained in New York it wouldn't be too hard to land a job in a small library. A few weeks later she found an advertisement in a librarians' journal from Rockford, Massachusetts. She made up her mind and moved to Rockford the following week. Once in Rockford she changed her name back to the original and settled down. She scheduled her life down to the very hour, even to the point where she had two hours every Saturday afternoon to sit by her window in her rocking chair and think. She would be satisfied she thought.

And she was satisfied for a while but every now and then she felt traces of that old feeling of strangeness she had experienced around her husband. It would come on her like the memory of a particular perfume or the odor of a baking pie. At times like these she would spend her two hours in her rocking chair trying once again to dissect the nature of that man who had so intrigued her. She would remember with a strange sort of wonder his displays of emotion. The time when he thought she was pregnant and his disappointment at the doctor's verdict, his embarrassment at her social "faux pas." Why, she had always said what she felt like saying and if she weren't enjoying herself she wasn't going to lie by saying she was. She remembered his red face as he hurriedly swept her away from that party. She remembered his anger when they got home. The strangest thing about the whole incident though, was that she, too, had gotten angry, or at least she thought she had gotten angry. One thing for certain she had never felt that way before. It must have been anger, for she was yelling back at him just as fast as he was yelling at her. She had never done that before.

Somehow his being around filled the house and she had noticed when he wasn't there that the house didn't feel the same. After he died she hadn't noticed this feeling right away, but lately her little house in Rockford was beginning to feel empty. She remembered how she had worried over this problem when she first noticed it, but one little telephone call to the right people in New York and the problem was solved. She had solved the problem of his death all right and now she had solved this problem too. She smiled to herself, stretched in her rocking chair like a confident cat and looked at her watch to check the time. All she would have to do is wait for the doorbell to ring. It would be the first and last time it would ring.

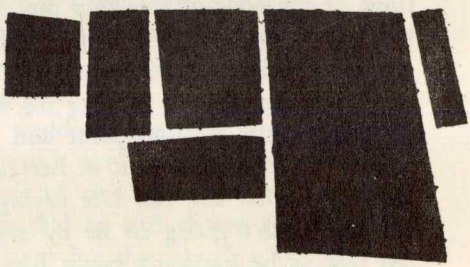
* * *

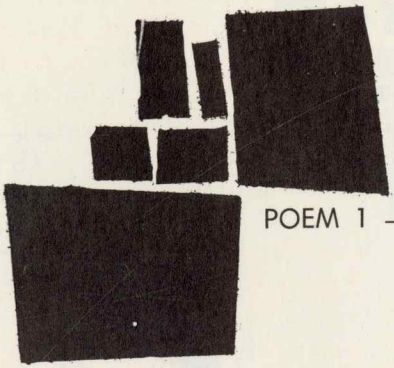
"Whatya suppose Miss Wolff would be orderin' in a big black box like that, all the way from New York and all?" said one of the moving men. "I don't know," said the other, "but I sure don't like the looks of it. Why do ya suppose she wouldn't let us unpack it from the shipping crate?" "Ah, I don't know. Come on, I'll buy ya a beer 'fore we knock off."

* * *

After struggling with the shipping crate for a while, Miss Wolff was finally able to uncover the coffin. Time had done little to mar the beauty of the finished wood. She moved it into her living room directly across from her rocking chair, arranged a crisp lace doily in the exact center of it and placed her prized African violet in the center of that. She returned to her rocking chair with a pleased smile on her face and continued her rocking.

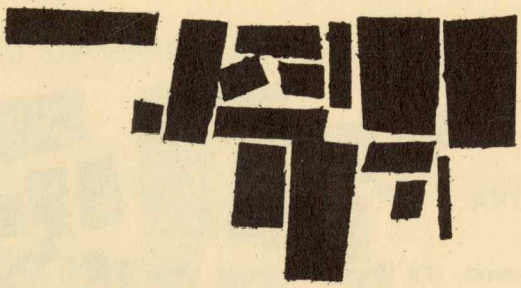
—Pamela St. John





POEM 1 —*Fred Cooper*

Oh to be turned loose in this world
In a pair of pajamas
Unwanted
Undesired
Undressed
Except for a pair of pajamas
Why
What does the world have against me
Or you
As the case may be
There is very little dignity
In a pair of pajamas
There is very little of anything in a pair of pajamas
Except me
Or you
As the case may be
That's been said once
But I like it
What can you do in a pair of pajamas
In a girls' dorm
Except study
Or sit
Or sleep
Especially when you have fever
Supposedly
On second thought
Who wants to be turned loose on the world
In a pair of pajamas
It would be embarrassing
Not to mention cold.



THE BARBERSHOP

The barbershop—a make-believe club of composite masculinity:
There's the senile, the silent, still member staring fixedly at
the wall.
Still—yet moving, moving to eternity.
The youthful, rosy-cheeked kid, hair tawney, tousled.
Reading comics, not a care of life to come.

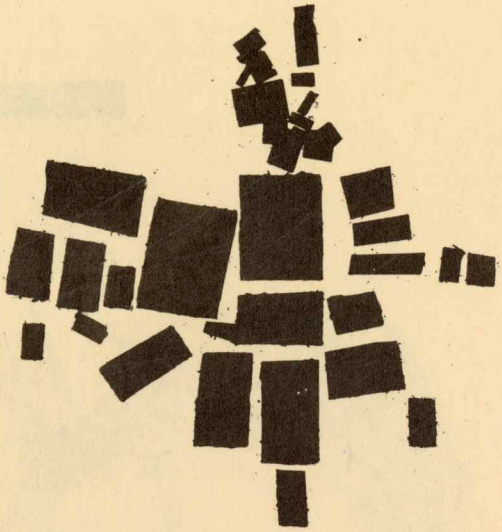
The gruff, red-faced rustic with grit in his lying, white-collar
covered throat
Which rasps of days gone by and places far remote.

The urban man of prime, understanding, wise,
Listening politely as the rustic spins his lies.
The rough but meek man of the soil,
Hunched, worn, and weary from countless days of toil.
The dark, dusky boy, expert shiner of shoes
Silent, yet sensitive of his—his race's abuse.

The indifferent barbers—cutters, clippers of hair.
Seeing and hearing nothing, no vestiges of care.
The perspicacious philosopher, observing all,
Remembering all, but not commenting.

You say there's no one in the chair?
No one cutting hair?
You say this club has a heterogeneous quality?
No. It's a make-believe club of composite masculinity.

—Thomas Hubert



SE*—

PSYCHOL

Say some, it's love for man
Say others, it's love for self
Say I, it's hate for both.

Say you Neurotic?
Say you Psychotic?
Or say you, just plain "it"?
Be that as it may . . . what about the misfit?
Say you, love him (psychologically, love is the most important thing in the world
Say you, eliminate him, (after all, the good goes with the bad).
Or say you, nothing (what do "They" matter anyway?)?

But turning from the problem of the unhealthy sick to that of the sicker well . . .
Gaze inward oh ye bearers of health, happiness and hostility—
The path to the seat of the gods is strewn not with complexes and defense mechanism, but with souls . . . tread lightly!
Blessed are they who respect him who is, but damned are they who, in the name of understanding, try to change him.

"Oh my people, what have I done unto thee?"

All glory be to the science of psychology—
Before whose mazes of Blackies, Rorschachs, and Szondi's we stand in awe,
And in whose sanctuary we praise, bless, worship and give thanks for this glorious gift to us and to all mankind.

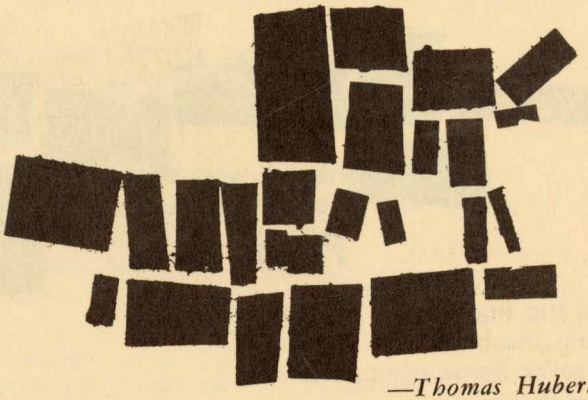
"Oh my people, oh my people."

DIAGNOSIS: Sick
PROGNOSIS: Poor
TREATMENT: "For those who walk in darkness both in the daytime and in the nighttime, the right time and the right place are not here."

Janis Lundy
Virginia Martin

*** Standard error, Psychology**

PHENOMENA'S TWO CHAMBERED HEART



—Thomas Hubert

Observe how the delicate flower's bright
Accessories enclose the bloom's substance
In recognition of another completed
Chapter in the book of time.

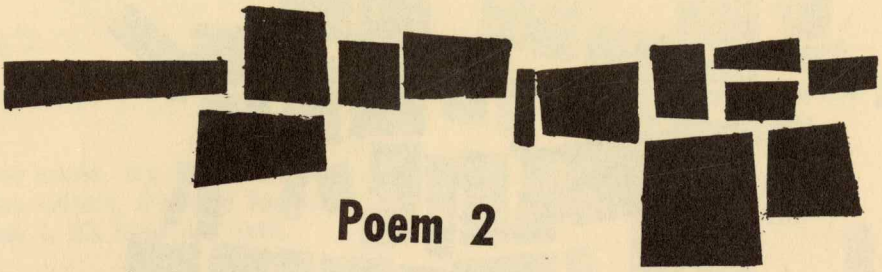
And the utter silence in the song bird's
Throat as darkness smothers its sweet
Sonnet.

Also notice the unrolled bedcover revealing
The white expanse which welcomes
Tired bodies.
And the tree's leaves forming rolled scrolls
As the day's drill is done.

But note how the clock incessantly measures
Time, not with a mechanistic tick, tock—
But rather with the soft burr of a
Hummingbird.

And how the refrigerator, perpetually purring
Like a colossus cat, satisfyingly
Environs its chilling air.

Phenomena's two-chambered heart:
One chamber resting, one chamber beating.



Poem 2

"Home is the hunter
Home from the hill
And the sailor home from the sea."
The hill of hope
The sea of love
All are now behind
They are behind in a past that will be
In time
Perhaps not forgotten
But gone and reconciled
Life is an amusing thing
Each experience seems to be the pinnacle of existence
Each hurt the one that cannot be healed
And it seems that life should stop
But yet it goes on
And on
And refuses to stop to offer pity or condolences
Life is completely uninterested in petty problems
And if this were not the case
It would not be worth living
For nothing is so important
No one so special
As to cause the termination of existence
To be able to look behind is a useless talent
To be able to look ahead is a saving one
There is nothing that has happened
That has not happened before
And that will not happen again
The world is waiting for the sunrise
And dawn is fixing to break
The trick is to be patient
And convinced
And everything else will take care of itself.

—Fred Cooper

SHAKESPEARE UNLIMITED

Shakespeare has been criticized by certain of the more pragmatic elements of our society as being too remote from a modern life. In an effort to defend the bard's timelessness, we offer a few quotes from his plays as they might be applied to modern campus life.

A pork chop the dining hall has prepared:
"They have made worm's meat of me!"
ROMEO AND JULIET III, i, lll.

A professor to a student at Monday morning 8:00 class:
"Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with."
MACBETH, III, iv, 93ff.

A dean about a student:
"He thinks too much, such men are dangerous."
JULIUS CAESAR, I, ii, 195.

A freshman writing a paper on *Oedipus Rex:*
"Mad world! Mad Kings! Mad composition!"
KING JOHN, II, i, 561.

A sophomore to a freshman who refuses to wear his rat cap:
"Will you mock at ancient tradition, begun upon an honorable respect and worn as a memorable trophy of pre-deceased valor?"
HENRY V, V, ii, 72.

Mrs. Hood about her spouse:
"For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy."
(song) HAMLET, IV, v, 187.

A student about Sunday night supper:
"Adieu. I love not the humor of bread and cheese."
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, II, i, 139.

Officer Knight to Rex:
"Thou bitch wolf's son, canst thou not hear?"
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, II, i, 13.

A frosh girl to her roommate:
"Are you meditating on virginity?"
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, I, i, 121.

A student taking a history final:
"I can remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly."
OTHELLO, II, iii, 289.

A freshman art student to Mr. Turpin, after viewing his works:
"Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery . . . "
MEASURE FOR MEASURE, IV, ii, 38

Heard of a Friday night at the Brass Rail:
"I have yet room for six scotches more."
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, IV, vii, 9.

Mr. Tolbert to the choir:
"I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further."
CORIOLANUS, II, iii, 115.

Two seniors five minutes before Commencement Exercises:
" 'Did you see my cap?
'I have lost my gown! ' "
TIMON OF ATHENS, III, vi, 119-120.

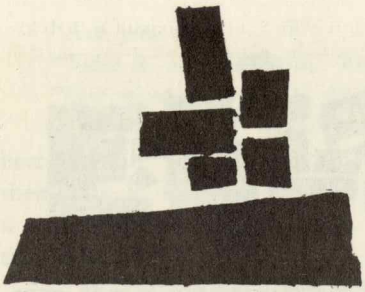
A P.E. major to her date:
"Have not I an arm as big as thine?"
CYMBELINE, IV, ii, 76.

A student's thoughts upon being summoned to the office of the dean:
"What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? Racks? Fires? What flaying? Boiling
In lead or oils?"
THE WINTER'S TALE, III, ii, 176ff.

Student, wondering about the character of the enigmatically absent President Culp:
"Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from Heaven or blasts from Hell?"
HAMLET, I, iv, 39-41.

M. L. King about Gub'ner Wallis:
"The Devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?"
MACBETH, V, iii, 11-12.

Heard in Comer Parking Lot:
" 'No my dearest love
'I would not for the world!'
'I am hers!'
'There sir, stop!'
'Oh, touch me not!'
'This is a strange thing as e'er I looked on.'
'I embrace thy body . . . '
'Tis new to thee.'
'I shall be pinched to death!'
'What are these . . . ?'
'I'll deliver all . . . '
'Please you, draw near.'
'Was't well done?' THE TEMPEST, V; i.
'Oh wonder!" " " —*Charles Thomas*



DAUPHIN ISLAND BRIDGE

Robert Cook stood on Dauphin Island bridge and looked down into the waters of the Gulf, or, at least, where they should have been, for it was night, and all he could see was darkness. The dim light of his lantern, placed on the white concrete beside him, faded out before it reached the water, twenty-five feet below. The warm wind blew in silently from the west. It smelled of sea salt and dead fish and rotting wood and tar and a hundred other things. He licked the moisture of his upper lip, and he could taste the wind, especially the salt of it. It was a good smell and a good taste.

He felt a tug on his line, and excitement rushed up from his belly, the old excitement of knowing you've got a fish about to bite. Then the fish bit hard, and Robert whipped the end of his rod upwards and felt the hook sink and heard the ratchet in his reel spin. He flicked off the safety and wound the fish in slowly. He peered down into the darkness, his excitement strong, trying to catch a glimpse of what he had caught. It felt like a mackerel or a red. He wound it all the way in and flipped it over the steel railing of the bridge onto the concrete roadway, near his lantern. A Spanish mackeral, about two pounds. He slipped his right hand over its slimy head and twisted the hook out of its mouth with his left. He held the mackeral to the lantern light and admired it. The light glittered on its slimy scales. He scooped a hole in the crushed ice in his cooler, moving several cans of beer, and put the fish in it, c o v e r i n g over it and the beer with ice. He rebaited and cast into the Gulf again, waiting for the sound of the shrimp to hit the water. Then he wound the slack out of his line and flicked the safety on.

The wind blew steadily and softly and silently. It was good to be twenty-two and just out of college, dressed in clean khakis and standing on Dauphin Island bridge in Mobile, Alabama, fishing in the Gulf. Robert loved night fishing, with no crowds and no sun, just you and the darkness and the wind and the gentle lap of the waves against the concrete bridge pilings. To the south about a half mile, he could see the dim glow of a lantern moving along the island beach where some lonely crabber, he knew, was wading through the knee-deep water, with gig in hand, looking for soft-shell crabs or perhaps flounders. To the north about a mile and a half was the mainland, completely dark except for a dim boat house light or two.

Then something hit his line again. He waited. But it was gone. He pushed his cap back and looked up at the sky, but it was as black as the water. The good, clean smell of salt and dry, rotten wood came to him again, and he felt the cool steel of the bridge railing through his pants leg and heard the gentle lap of water twenty-five feet below the bridge pilings. Then out of the hushed, warm night came a voice.

"Hello!"

He started and turned quickly. No one. He peered into the darkness, but he could see no one.

"Anyone there?", he said.

Then she stepped into the light and stood there, about five feet from him.

She smiled. "Hi. Fishing?"

He stared at her. "Yes."

She moved closer then. She wore a sleeve-less cotton blouse open at the neck, a pleated knee-length skirt, and sandals. He couldn't tell whether she had come up from the island or the mainland.

"Are you?", he asked.

"No, just walking. I'm staying on the island . . . Have you caught anything?"

"One mackerel, a few cats."

"Oh, good." She sniffed. "Doesn't the night smell good, and feel that warm wind."

"Yes, it's a nice night."

"May I see your fish?" she asked.

"If you want." He lifted back the lid of the cooler and scooped the ice away. She knelt and looked.

"Oh, they're nice, and beer too."

He looked at her as she bent low. She was very pretty and had lush brown hair tumbling around her shoulders. He judged her to be a few years older than he; she was perhaps twenty-five. How simple she sounds, he thought. She's not afraid at all.

"Would you like one?", he asked, not really knowing what to do with her hint.

'A fish?" And then they both laughed. "Yes," she said, "I'd like a beer."

He handed her the rod and reel. "Here, you hold this, while I open us both one."

"Are you sure . . . ?"

"Take it. It's all right," he said.

"But what if one gets on the line?"

"Just hang one," he said, fumbling around in his gearbox for the beer opener. "Well, here's a hammer, but I don't think I can open them with it. Ah, here it is." He wiped the fish slime off the cans with a clean rag and opened them. Then he took the rod from her, and they drank.

"Oh, that's good," she said, leaning against the railing with her head back.

He watched the wind gently blowing through her hair and playing with her skirt around the knees.

"Could we have another?", she asked.

"Sure. Here, hold the rod."

She turned around to the water, and he wiped and opened two more. He heard the ratchet spin as a fish bit and ran. She yelled and leaned over the railing, and he couldn't help noticing her round hips and the smooth calves of her legs. He put the beer down quickly and reached for the rod; she turned to give it to him, and her breasts brushed his arm.

"He's gone," he said.

"How can you tell?"

"No pull. There's slack in the line."

"Sure." He baited the hook, stood up, and cast. He heard her opening up two more beers. She stood close to him and gave him one. It was slimy from the fish.

"You forgot to wipe them," he said.

"Oh, who the hell cares," she said, lifting the can and drinking deeply.

He though, My God, only two cans of beer. Then he felt the tug-tug of a hard bite and heard the ratchet spin.

Then they both laughed again. He wound the line in, and they sat down on the concrete abutment at the foot of the bridge railing and drank their beers. She spread her legs wide and held her beer in both hands on her lap. She lifted the can to her mouth, drained it, and threw it over the railing.

"What's your name?", she asked.

"Robert."

"Oh," she pouted, "I thought for sure it was Captain Ahab."

He winced. The beer, he thought. 'What's yours?"

"Sally."

"Sally what?"

"Sally Nobody." She laughed. "Aren't you going to fish some more, Captain?"

"You've got a fishey, Captain," she yelled.

He flicked off the safety and wound the line tight, the excitement moving up his belly. She moved toward him and accidently kicked the lantern over, but it didn't go out.

"Pick that damn lantern up," he yelled at her.

She backed off into the darkness, and he heard her crying.

"I'm sorry," he said. He hadn't meant to curse at her. He heard her sniffling.

That's all right," she said, her voice small in the distance.

"Come see what I — what we've — caught," he said as he flipped the fish over the railing, but he knew it was no fish as soon as he heard the hard crack and skittering on the concrete.

"A damn king crab," he said. He had it hooked by one leg. He searched in his gear box with his right hand for the hammer, while he held the rod with his left. He pulled the hammer out into the lantern light.

"Oh, don't kill the poor little fishey," she said.

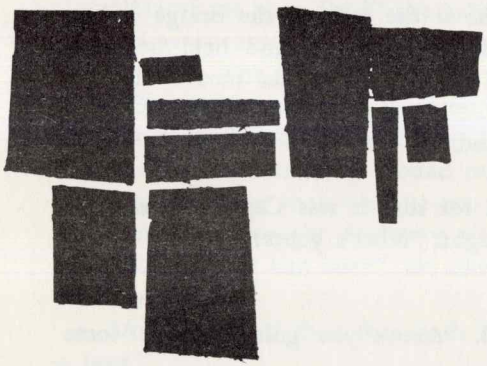
"It's only a crab; all they do is take your bait." He swung the hammer hard and crushed the shell of the crab. He hit it again, making a sickening crunching noise.

The girl screamed and came back into the light, half crying and screaming. "Oh, you dirty bassard, you dirty bassard, you killed the poor little fishey. You sunnabitch, you killed the little fishey." She ran off into the night, and Robert heard her sandals flopping on the concrete. Then the noise stopped, and he heard her piercing, hysterical scream through the night.

"WHO TH' HELL YOU THINK YOU ARE, ERNESS HEMINGWAY OR SOMEBODY?"

Robert never saw her again.

—*Gary Foy*



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EDITOR'S NOTE

The purpose of the *Tower* is to provide a "proving ground," so to speak, for those interested in writing and for those who have the unique talent for portraying a thought through color and design without the use of words. Yet, the *Tower* also has another purpose. That "other" purpose is to stimulate and entertain its readers. Though we are not in the magazine business and are not competing with other magazines on campus, we feel that the *Tower* should appeal to everyone, should interest everyone and should rank in student opinion with the other campus publications. The *Tower* aids not only the "budding" author by giving him his first publication but also aids the student. The *Tower* lets the student know the quality of creative writing on campus and, we hope, will draw out from the shy, perhaps overly modest student, his attempts at creative writing. For the *Tower* is a *student* publication. Its material comes from students; its very existence depends on students. Its work is never done as long as there is someone who feels he has something to say, whether it be poetry, fiction, non-fiction or art. As long as there is someone who thinks and expresses those thoughts in words or design the *Tower* has its place on this campus. When art and literature die on the campus the *Tower* will die.

This year it was decided to acknowledge the best of these creative efforts not only by publication but also by a financial reward. Though funds are not terribly plentiful, it was arranged to award the best entry in poetry and also the best entry in the field of short story with a $10.00 prize. A judging committee composed of members of the English faculty and the staff of the *Tower* yielded its decision. This year the poetry award is to be divided between two entries: "Phenomena's Two-Chambered Heart" by Thomas Hubert and "SEpsychol." by Janis Lundy and Virginia Martin. The $10.00 award for the best short story will not be given this year for the committee felt, due to the withdrawal of the editor's contribution, that there was not sufficient competition in the area of the short story to merit the awarding of the prize. I, as editor, hope that this system of awards for the best work in the various areas of publication will expand to include not only literary efforts but also artistic efforts of the students. I, as editor, also hope that student opinion and interest will grow concerning the *Tower* and that this campus never ceases to need the *Tower.*

The decisions have been made, the presses have stopped rolling and the *Tower* has been published for the year 1962-1963. The staff hopes you find this issue not only entertaining but also stimulating.

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